her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Euan. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euan. O'man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

M. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Euan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Euans. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Page. He is a better ſcholler then I thought hee was.

Euans. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Miſ. Page. Adeu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt:*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, M. Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans Shallow.

Fal. *Miſ. Ford*, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; *I* ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

M. Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *John.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*; what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) whoſe at home

beſides

beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Frod. No certainly; Speake louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines againe; he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffettes himſelf on the for-head; crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not heere,

Miſ. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſweares hee was carried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket. Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now hee ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

Miſ. Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page*?

Miſt. Page. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he will be here anon.

Miſt. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt. Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, and hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him away with him; Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt. Ford. Which way ſhould he goe? How ſhould *I* beſtow him? Shall *I* put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not goe out ere he come?

Miſt. Page. Alas: three of Maſter *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal